

Good 750 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Will C.P.O. Ed. Bastable Take a "Shore" Bet?

THAT is a piece (a very sufferer). She plays regularly at the Club and is prepared to bet that you can see that she'll win a pint or two through the window of "Basfry," C.P.O. Edward Bastable, "Shore Hotel" once more.

But you will be much more interested in your wife and Michael than in the Sussex country around Briar Estate, so here goes.

First thing we have to tell you is that Mrs. Bastable is the Vice-Captain of the British Legion Darts Club, and, as a result of practice she now throws a very pretty dart.

Although she has the board up on the wall all the time, it isn't very often she is able to take aim these days because there is usually some odd job that needs doing. And your wife has become an expert on odd jobs, Mr. Bastable.

She has erected a super chicken house and run and when the occasion arises she tackles with just as great zeal, a blown fuse or a punctured bicycle tyre.

All the same, you need have no fear that her darts will

complicated favourite meal. Carrots are what he likes, so be prepared to find a son who can see in the dark when you return. He can count up to ten now, leaving out all the odd numbers, so you can consider your first job that of teaching him.

Each morning Michael points at the sun and says "My Daddy is over there, behind the sun," and the only wish of your wife and him is that you may soon be this side of the sun; in fact, walking up the path between the carnations and lavender to the front door of "Basfry."

West Country Notes

THE Bristol Planning and Reconstruction Committee have prepared a grandiose scheme for the new city which is to rise as a result of the enemy attacks.

As yet this scheme hasn't got any further than so many blueprints, but if the plans are adopted you will come home to find a really grand city in the making.

Two and a half million pounds are to be spent on "preliminaries."

The half-completed new Civic Hall which is in course of erection at College Green is to be scrapped, and in its place it is proposed that the Wine Street area in the vicinity of Bristol Bridge shall be blitzed a little bit more and then rebuilt with grand new municipal buildings, Guildhall, conference halls, libraries, museum, art gallery and public baths.

One side of Park Street may be pulled down and the whole area set back 20 feet to make it one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in the country, with a shopping arcade down the centre.

FISH STORY.

THERE'S not much connection between ack ack guns

and fish; but the barking of these guns along the Severn during the war had the effect of driving all the salmon away from their favourite spawning grounds, and so far not a single fish has been caught in the neighbourhood this year. Still they may come back.

SERVICE.

A REALLY useful Personal Service League had been formed in Bristol to help you Servicemen with your rehabilitation problems when you come home. It will be composed of people from all sections and will give expert advice on such matters as disabilities (and pensions), financial needs, matrimonial or domestic troubles (if you have any), housing, employment or difficulties connected with supply of furniture, clothing, etc., while there will be a special panel composed of doctor, businessman, lawyer, bank manager, and one or two others who will offer a wealth of help in their different spheres.

Unemployment is not likely to be a problem, at least for a long time to come, for there are a host of new industries waiting to produce immediately the labour is available.

Aborigines Test Team Brought Boomerangs

THE "unofficial Test Matches" between England and Australia have this season considerably brightened the cricket scene. How fortunate are the Aussies in having some of the most promising players in the world.

Because the Australians have so often beaten the Old Country on the cricket field, many people forget that it was Britain who taught the people of the Dominion the rudiments of the cricket art.

Surrey has always produced great cricketers, and it was one of that county's cricketing sons, John Lawrence, who played a big part in making cricket popular "down under."

He taught not only men from his own country, but even the aborigines, who quickly showed a certain talent.

In 1868 Lawrence brought to England the first cricket team from Australia. It was composed for the most part of aborigines, and although quite capable, were considered too amateurish to challenge the might of England.

Incidentally, during the intervals the spectators were entertained by exhibitions of boomerang-throwing by members of Lawrence's team!

It was not until 1880 that the first Test Match between England and Australia was staged in this country. Three years previously, at Melbourne, the greatest cricket ground in Australia, the Australians had rather surprisingly beaten England by 45 runs. Again, in England, they repeated their feat.

An English sporting paper

published a humorous type of mourning card which read: "In memory of English cricket. The remains will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia."

When the time came for the next England team to visit the Australians for a series of Test Matches, young Lord Darnley, selected to captain the side. A great team-spirit was soon developed, and every man was determined to do his best, beat the Australians, and re-capture for England the prestige that had been lost during the past few years.

THE ASHES.

The Englishmen played wonderfully cricket; Australia was soundly beaten, and after the match at Melbourne a party of local ladies presented Lord Darnley with a tiny urn supposed to carry the now-famous ashes.

Around the urn was a scroll describing in verse how England had triumphed.

There is a romantic touch about this, too, for Lord Darnley took back with him to England, as his wife, one of the young ladies who helped make the now famous Ashes!

Throughout the history of Test Matches between England and Australia there have been many instances of queer happenings; the unusual has often been the usual.

Take, for example, that great character, W. G. Grace. Once, in facing up to an Australian fast bowler, he jumped up when the ball rose sharply—and the ball whizzed

clean through his beard for four byes!

If you told anyone that England's outstanding Test players once went on strike for more money they would probably disbelieve you. But this actually happened during the third Test of 1896, which was played at the famous Kennington Oval.

Because of the strike England had to take the field without many of her outstanding professionals and to make matters worse, heavy rains had made the pitch little better than a mud-patch.

In all the four innings neither side made 150; no player reached half a century, and it was only a brilliant throw of more than 100 yards, by the immortal Ranji, that ran out Iredale when he looked set for a big score, and England ran out winners by 66 runs!

Wicket-keepers have often come to the rescue of England. In recent years we have seen Leslie Ames, trusty keeper, and great batsman, play some great games against the Aussies; yet it was as bowlers that two of our best stumpers put their names in the history books of the Ashes.

That same year, during the second Test at Manchester, G. H. Trotter, batting for the Australians, was in great form. Nothing appeared to worry him, and the England bowlers began to look very small fry.

Everyone was given a turn of bowling by W. G. Grace, the skipper, and he caused a sensation by calling upon Dick Lilley, the Warwickshire stumper, to try his luck.

J. T. Brown, the Yorkshireman, took Lilley's place behind the "sticks." The wicket-keeper turned bowler did not have a

sensational first over; he gave away 14 runs. But Grace kept him on, and when he sent down what appeared to be an easy ball—his fifth—in the second over, Trotter lashed out, missed the ball—it touched the edge of his bat—Brown behind the stumps neatly gathered the ball, appealed—and Lilley had smashed a partnership that looked set for a gigantic score.

His job done, Lilley then donned his wicket-keeping gloves once more.

UNDERHAND.

Some years before Lyttelton, the England wicket-keeper, who had been called upon to try his hand at bowling against the Aussies, broke a big stand, and finished up by taking four wickets in two overs. All his victims fell to underarm deliveries!

Looking back over Test Matches, it is interesting to pick out the Englishmen who have gained the greatest fame. Top of the list, because of his wonderful reliability over so many years, comes Jack Hobbs, followed closely by Herbert Sutcliffe.

As an all-rounder, Wally Hammond is supreme. As a



Family line up for Sto. John Graves

WHAT'S in a name, anyway, her back, she had just got pictures of you, plus foliage, and L-S. John Graves? The engaged!

We understand that Len is one of the names you get called most often, but maybe your family seemed to have a different name for you, the least often used of which was Len, too.

On second thoughts, it seems more than likely that the family will change his name instead. Anyway, he hies from Ilford in Essex, and is in the R.A.F.

We were helped liberally to tea and scones, and could not resist trying some of Mum's home-made cake. We probably have no need to tell you that we found it "the tops."

Incidentally, Joan is sending you a portion of her 21st birthday cake, which she hopes you will receive safely.

When we had eaten, your mother took us into the front room, and we had a look at the cup arrayed on the sideboard, together with Dad's last-war souvenirs.

They reminded Mum to tell us that brother George ("Tot" to you) is still with Paforce. He is well, and hopes to be seeing you all again some day soon.

Your mother showed us some

USELESS EUSTACE



"Casey and I were racin' when I puts a sudden spurt on and passes 'im, lady!"

wicket-keeper-batsman. Leslie Ames has no peers, although as a stumper, pure and simple, Bert Strudwick would be king.

Fast-bowler Harold Larwood would be coupled with Tom Richardson; Hedley Verity and Wilfred Rhodes are partners as bowlers of the slower type.

What of the future? Already Australia is to-day showing us some fine young players; England, too, has many young cricketers on the threshold of Test cricket, and in the years to come some great and thrilling matches, equal to anything that has happened in the past, are likely to be witnessed by record crowds.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood . . ."

The address, Sailor, is :
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.

The Sea Tiger

Members of the Club are advised not to indulge in sport to-day owing to the presence near the Bank of an Orca.

DANIEL Stark sighed as he looked at the notice tacked up on the green baize board on the verandah, and turned to the group of members seated at the small round tables. The notice said "I'd like to see that orca chased off the Bank for good and all," said the club steward to Stark, frame. Among the cosmopolitan crowd who came to the Boca withdrawing from the club and Hiram Mason had always found one of his own.

On the Boca Grand tarpon fishing is not only a sport. It is a mania. Men talk of tarpon, Club," laughed the steward.

It is a social sport, and the man who lands the largest fish Mason is sore because we hold

of the season is not only a great fisher. He becomes a notable.

"I'd like to see that orca chased off the Bank for good and all,"

the tarpon measurement record for the whole beach." The mention of Mason sent a strange thrill through Stark's frame. Among the cosmopolitan Mason had found reasons for

the new club was situated a mile or so higher up the beach, and,

England, had met Hiram Mason like everything Mason managed, to make it magnificent. He could afford to buy a bungalow for his guests, to whom

Stark had been attracted towards each other her father Gloria played hostess.

He'd scare the tarpon away."

Stark, his eyes on the sunlit waters that were rolling on to the beach and thundering in great, white clouds of spray where the

surf went up in clouds.

"Oh, we'll leave that to Mason's

dream of it, think of nothing. They tell me that Mason is

else. Unlike most other sports down to-day, and he says that he's

it is more than merely sport. going out to get tarpon whether

the tiger is there or not. Guess

Mason is sore because we hold

it hurt his ambition to be beaten by a younger sportsman, who knew less about the game than he, and

secure the biggest fish for two sincere years in succession.

Club stewards there are not

only men who look after the clubs; they are captains of Stark," said Mason, facing him

their teams, men of as good frankness. "I only saw your

social position as the members shoulders—"

"Oh, I'm glad to be of any service," returned Stark, showing

"that I'll take the grains out this morning. Maybe I'll have a cruise

round the bay, and if I see anything worth harpooning I'll bring

There was a moment's awkwardness. Her eyes twinkled.

"Father was wanting a boat-man," she said hurriedly. "He

chose, on the steward's advice, tarpoin—"

"Tarpoin? But don't you know

there is an orca out there off the

shoulder walked down to where his petrol launch lay on the beach.

It was a glorious morning, for the sun shines all the year round at Boca Grand, and the temperature of the Riviera touched the

white beach and the sloping mountains behind the shore with

fragrant finger tips.

Golden hills were marked out

open and it acted as a vehicle for steward.

"Miss—I mean I was in a charming blend against the

making appointments very well—told he was in town for a bit, dim blue peaks. A riot of blossoms

unknown to the girl's father. I thought he went off yesterday."

hid the white walls of the gardens;

All this, of course, was unsatisfactory to both of them, but the arrived. For days he had known like nests amid the green foliage,

deadlock remained. The antagonism between Stark and Mason distance up the beach and that stations of the ancient Franciscan

arose primarily out of business he dare not openly call on her. padres.

The steward gave Stark a side-

As partner in a large concern, long glance.

Stark had found himself in opposition to Mason, and had often that got him to extend the time

got the better of him. The crisis limit," he said in a tone in which

had come over a foreign deal, there was a vein of sympathy.

and Stark, hoping to end the Then lowering his voice he went

deadlock, had written suggesting on.

that they joined forces.

The reply he received made him wish you luck. Old man Mason

grit his teeth.

From business the antagonism all-fired crazy on his financial when he heard a voice addressing

spread to sport. Both were mem-

bers of the same club at the somebody is as smart as him.

"Do you know if there are any

Boca Grand. Stark had landed a But he don't mean all he says," guides about this morning?"

three hundred pound tarpon, which Stark flushed. He knew that Stark looked up. The voice

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Wangling Words No. 688

THE SEA TIGER

1. Behead a gully and get what runs down it.

2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: atsbuowundefloos.

3. What word of six letters, meaning "well-being," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I like to see women's faces, and think — are unnecessary —.

(Continued from Page 2) to scare sportsmen. What's the "Aw, a killer doesn't worry good of tarpon fishing anyway, me," commented Mason swiftly, unless there's some opposition? with his old antagonism flaring. We can't eat the tarpon or I'd up. "This is a great morning for go myself and get them; but fishing, and I'm going fishing in Gloria wants to take some photos spite of all the orcas that ever of them leaping—well, come on, roamed the seas. Your tarpon girlie, and we'll get the launch club may be scared of them, but out by ourselves."

Stark shrugged his shoulders, in his boat, his arms stiff by his but there was a grave look in his sides. But Mason had not gone a eyes. He did not doubt the man's dozen steps before he returned. pluck, but to take Gloria out in He came right up to Stark.

face of a sea-tiger was hardly "I didn't know you were down the thing."

"I'm afraid the boatmen won't meet you, let me ask you one thing. be working to-day," he said Are you still going ahead on the simply. "We have the notice foreign deal, or will you clear up at the club and the men are out?"

"Haw, haw, haw! Isn't that Mason?" "Why should I clear out, Mr. echoed Stark, turning to Mason. not on duty—"

"Haw, haw, haw! Isn't that Mason?" "Well, why shouldn't I? Tell like your old club, Stark? I'm "Oh, only to save your money. me that." glad I started one of my own. We I intend to get that deal if I spend don't put up notices over there my last cent. I'm not trying to

bluff you. I'm just trying to save you spending money needlessly.

Stark rubbed his chin with the back of his hand. There was a droll expression in his eyes.

"Why not join forces?" he asked. "There's plenty room for us to work together—"

"Nothing doing. You've been asking me to join forces with you often enough. I won't do it. I work by myself, and I take what I want."

Stark's eyes flickered in the direction of the girl who was loitering on the beach, waiting for her father. Her white dress and tam-o-shanter made her more than attractive.

She turned her head and glanced at the two men; and as she caught Stark's eye she smiled to him.

"You take what you want,"

"Well, why shouldn't I? Tell

(To be continued).

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you something of which we have four or even five in a month:

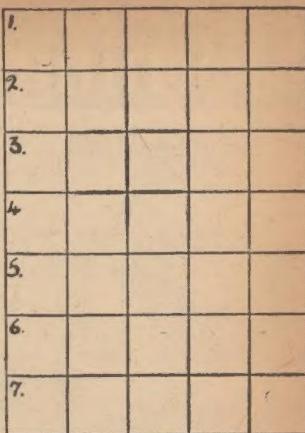
1. Tricks.
2. Thick digit of the human hand.
3. Dexterous.
4. Burdened.
5. Long reptile without developed limbs.
6. Aromatic plant used in cookery.
7. To sow again.

(Solution to-morrow.)

ALEX CRACKS

There was an old man of Blackheath, Who sat on his set of false teeth;

Said he, with a start, "O Lor, bless my heart! I've bitten myself underneath."



A canny Scotch lad of Pitlochry Kissed an up-to-date girl in a rock'ry; When he tasted the paint, He cried, "Lassie, this ain't A real kiss at all. it's a mock'ry."

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 687

1. O-RANGE.
2. Why will women wear wigs?
3. INMATE.
4. Eighth, height.

JANE



RUGGLES

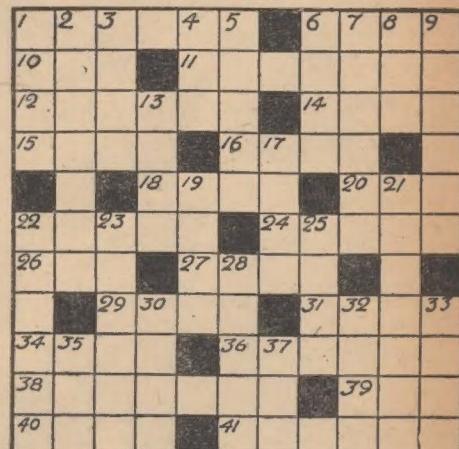


May 21-June 20. By to-morrow you should be in a more favourable position for dealing with current problems.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SUMP	MODEST
PRAISE	ASH
IDLE	NORMAL
NUTRI	KEP
NETTLE	LEG
ADDLE	IRISH
KOI	IMAM
EMUS	NETTLE
RANTED	ROAN
ICE	EVINCE
SNORTS	MEED

GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1. Goes when. 6. Take in. 10. Tennis shot. 11. Harmonises. 12. Items for discussion. 14. Soil. 15. Silent. 16. Garment. 18. Vegetable. 20. Woman. 22. Sacred song. 24. Tree. 26. Electrical unit. 27. Fashion. 29. Husks. 31. Branches of learning. 34. Alone. 36. Hunting trip. 38. Built. 39. Make soft. 40. Bureau. 41. Sound horn.

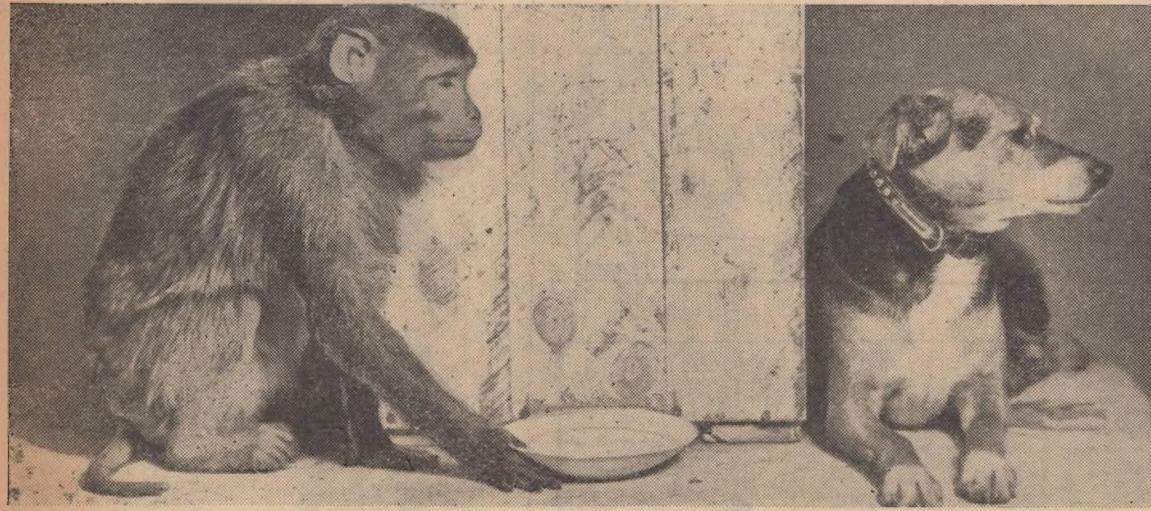
CLUES DOWN.—1. Shell-fish. 2. Arch. 3. Countenance. 4. Youngster. 5. Verse fragment. 6. Wash-outs. 7. Together. 8. Through. 9. Girl's name. 13. Girl's name. 17. Lengthened. 19. Signalizer's "M." 21. Of stomach. 22. Balanced. 23. Goes at easy pace. 25. Foliage. 28. Beginning. 30. Sweetmeat. 32. Intent. 33. Team. 35. Mineral. 37. Bother.

Good Morning



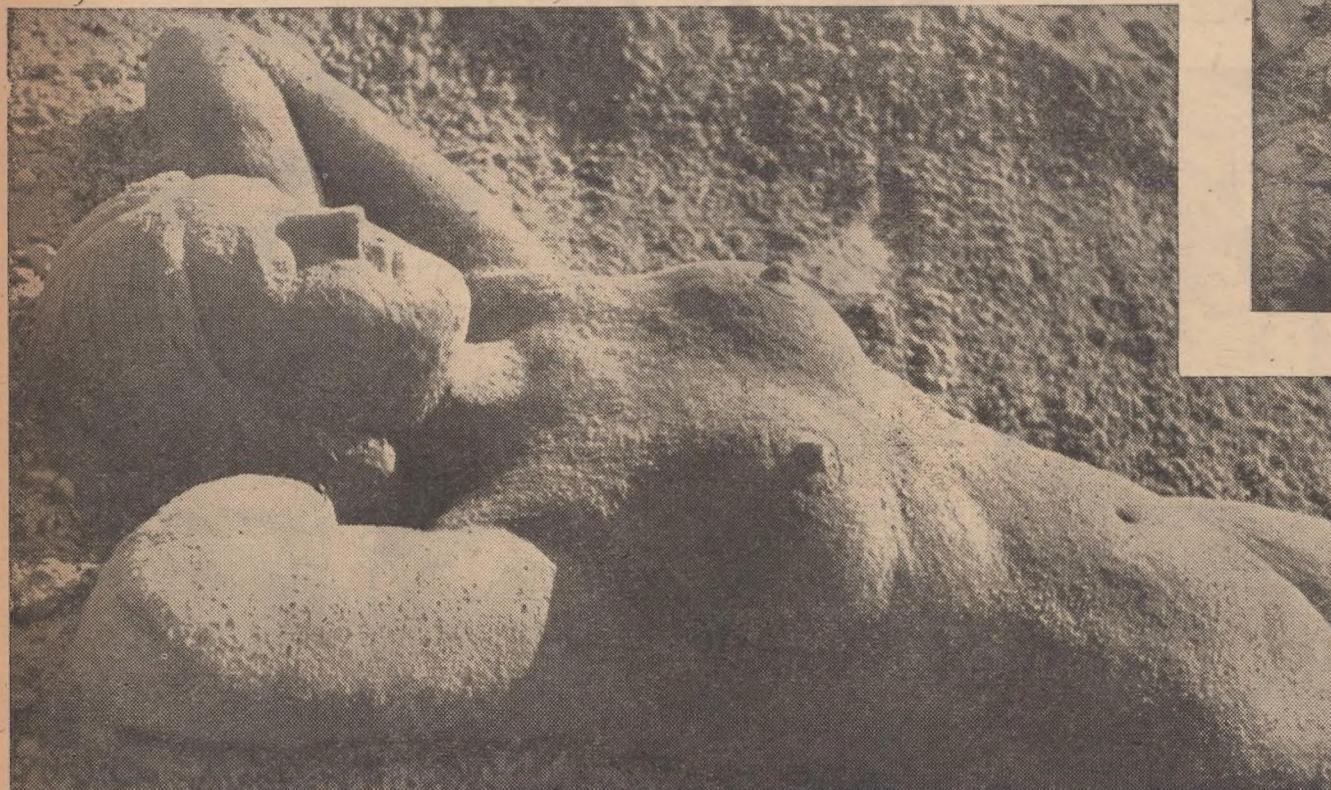
WHEN WE RETIRE.

We've often thought about the sunny morning when we'll retire from Fleet Street (who hasn't dreamed about their own retirement?) We're going to get right away from the smell of printers' ink, right away from the sound of telephones, so far away that even the Editor's snores won't reach us—and we're going to settle down in Winkle Street in the Isle of Wight. That will be our cottage—the one at the end, in the picture above.



SMASH AND GRAB RAIDER BIDED HIS TIME, POLICE SAY.

We don't know how long the monkey had to wait before the coast was clear for this daring snatch of a dog's dinner. We don't know how long it was before the dog noticed it. What we do know, is this. No longer will we say, "Softly, softly, catchee monkey!"—in future we'll always say, "Softly, monkey catchee din-din!" It's all in honour of our glorious Chinese allies—or something.



PREHISTORIC PIN-UP. At first glance, when the photographer slapped this picture on our desk, we thought she was an old Roman floosey—one of the Roman scandals, if you see what we mean. But, on second looks, we saw that she was sculptured in sand. "Better than a gritty policeman," we remarked, wittily.



★ ARE YOU STILL LOOKING, A.B. DUKE ELLINGHAM? Yesterday (that is, in No. 749) we presented a picture of Lana Turner at the request of this stout Submariner, who sails in "Vigorous." By a foolish oversight of the Art Bloke, the picture in question showed the delectable Lana at the age of five. Hastening to make amends, we herewith present the said delectable Lana when she was a few years older. The Art Bloke has been sacked. We hope you will overlook the slip, our Grace.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

